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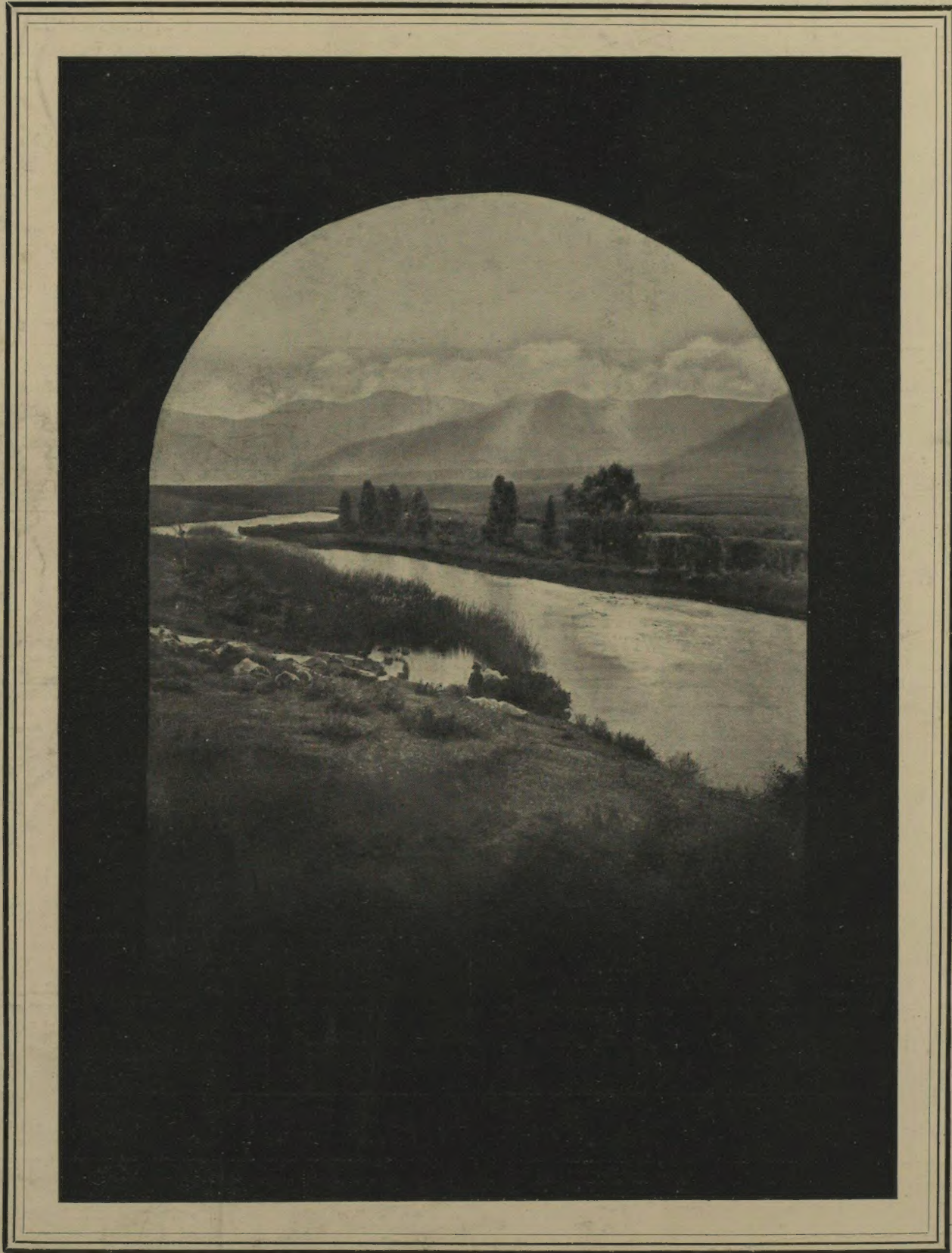
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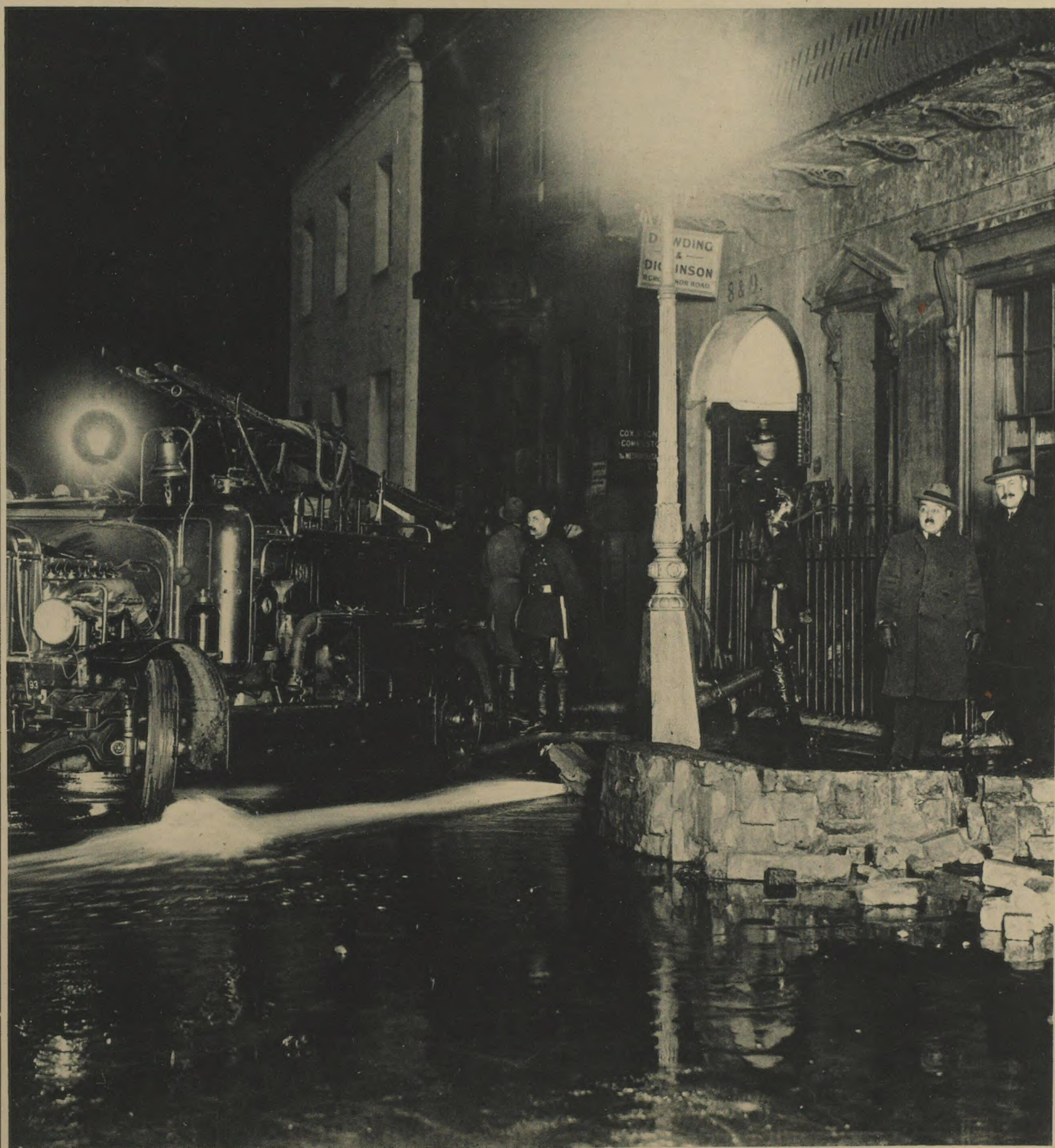
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1928.

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THE SCENE OF THE MOST POIGNANT TRAGEDY OF THE GREAT FLOOD IN THE HEART OF LONDON: THE HOUSE IN GROSVENOR ROAD WHERE FOUR SISTERS WERE DROWNED.

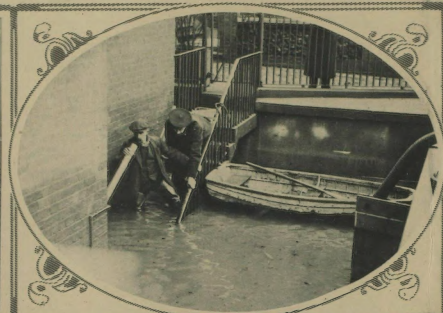
The sudden overflowing of the Thames, in the early hours of Saturday, January 7, caused a tragedy without precedent in the history of London, bringing swift and wholly unforeseen doom to a number of people, and causing widespread ruin and devastation. Within half a minute fourteen people, most of them in bed, were trapped in basements and drowned, despite heroic efforts by police and neighbours to save them. Ten perished in Westminster, two at Fulham, and two at Hammersmith. The most heartrending incident was the death of four sisters,

Florence, Lilian, Rose, and Doris Harding, aged respectively 18, 16, 6, and 2½, who were all together in a basement room at No. 8, Grosvenor Road. Their father, who made a heroic attempt to save them, had moved them down from an attic bedroom only a few days before on account of the cold. The force of the water made it impossible to open the door, and they were drowned in about twenty seconds. Our illustration shows the subsequent pumping operations, and water flowing out of the basement on to the roadway.

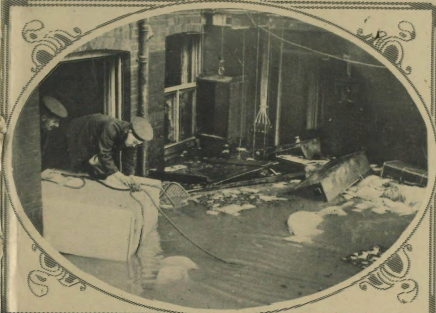
THE TRAGEDY OF THE BURSTING OF THE THAMES EMBANKMENT WALL: REMARKABLE SCENES OF THE GREAT LONDON FLOOD.



WHERE TWO MAID-SERVANTS SLEEPING IN A BASEMENT AT RIVER COURT WERE DROWNED: THE BREACH MADE BY THE FLOOD IN THE EMBANKMENT WALL ON THE UPPER MALL, HAMMERSMITH.



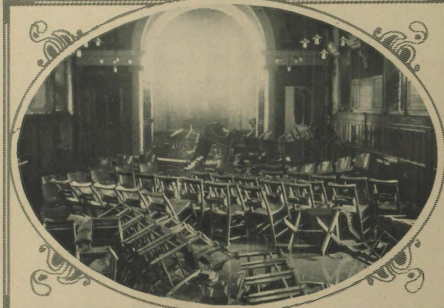
A BOAT LOWERED INTO THE FLOODED AREAS OF HURLINGHAM COURT MANSIONS, AT PUTNEY: OPERATIONS IN SEARCH OF THE BODIES OF TWO YOUNG WOMEN WHO WERE DROWNED IN A BASEMENT FLAT.



THE FLOODED BASEMENT OF THE FLATS AT PUTNEY WHERE TWO YOUNG WOMEN WERE DROWNED: FIREMEN REMOVING FURNITURE FROM HURLINGHAM COURT MANSIONS WHILE SEARCHING FOR ONE OF THE BODIES.



THE UNDERGROUND STATION AT PUTNEY AT 4 A.M. ON JANUARY 7, SHORTLY AFTER THE FLOOD WAS AT ITS HEIGHT: THE RISEN WATER ABOUT A FOOT ABOVE THE PLATFORM.



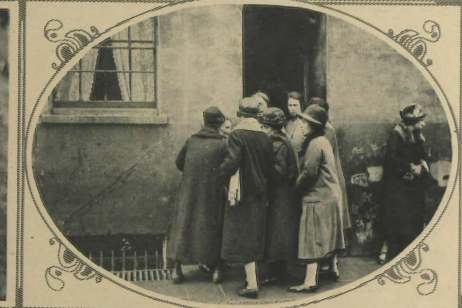
EFFECTS OF THE FLOOD IN THE CHAPEL OF THE QUEEN ALEXANDRA HOSPITAL AT MILLBANK, WESTMINSTER: ROWS OF SEATS PITCHED ABOUT BY THE SWIRLING WATER.



WITH FURNITURE AND MACHINES OVERTURNED AND HURLED ABOUT IN ALL DIRECTIONS BY THE ENORMOUS FORCE OF THE WATER: A FLOODED BASEMENT IN WESTMINSTER, TYPICAL OF MANY.



TYPICAL OF THE TERRIFIC FORCE WITH WHICH THE WATER POURED INTO BASEMENT WINDOWS—A CAUSE OF FOURTEEN DEATHS DURING THE FLOOD: A SCENE AT KEW DURING THE NEXT HIGH TIDE.



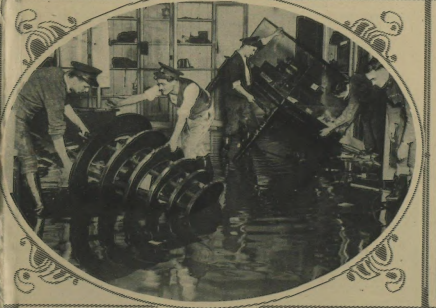
DISCUSSING THE DISASTER IN A WESTMINSTER STREET WHERE A YOUNG MAN WAS DROWNED IN A BASEMENT KITCHEN JUST AFTER REACHING HOME: A GROUP OF WOMEN IN HINCHCLIFFE STREET.



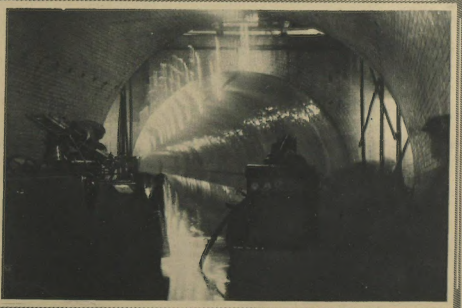
SHOWING WHAT THE WESTMINSTER FLOOD LOOKED LIKE IN THE DARKNESS: A NIGHT SCENE IN MARSHAM STREET, CONVERTED INTO A CANAL, WITH MOTOR-CARS HELD UP.



AN EXAMPLE OF NUMEROUS BASEMENT HOMES WRECKED BY THE FLOOD: MISS QUEENIE WELLER, OF PAGE STREET, WESTMINSTER, WADING IN HER ROOMS TO RECOVER HER HOUSEHOLD GOODS.



RESULTS OF THE FLOOD IN PUBLIC BUILDINGS: SOLDIERS REMOVING STANDS AND CABINETS OF EXHIBITS IN THE BASEMENT OF THE ROYAL ARMY MEDICAL COLLEGE IN GROSVENOR ROAD.



ONE OF EAST LONDON'S GREAT ARTERIES OF COMMUNICATION FLOODED: A FIRE-ENGINE PUMPING OUT WATER FROM THE BLACKWALL TUNNEL, SINCE REOPENED.

The sudden overflowing of the Thames in the early hours of Saturday, January 7, caused a disastrous flood unique in the annals of London. Embankment walls gave way at several points, and the rush of water was so swift and unexpected that there was little time for escape. Fourteen people were entrapped and drowned in basements, ten in the Westminster district alone, two in Hammersmith, and two at Putney. Many other people narrowly escaped a similar fate, and hundreds of families had their homes wrecked. The damage caused to property and to public buildings, including the Tate Gallery, was enormous. This unprecedented flood was stated to be the result of three contributory causes: (1) Heavy gales blowing in from the sea, thus banking up the water in the Thames and preventing it from flowing out of the estuary; (2) A vast quantity of flood water coming down the river, and its tributaries, swollen by

masses of ice and snow from the hills; and (3) Abnormally high tides, coinciding with the full moon at this time of year. In an official statement warning the public that a recurrence of such floods might be expected for several days (until Tuesday, January 10), the Port of London Authority said: "No record exists of such conditions having occurred before in the tidal waters of the River Thames." Some of our photographs show the scenes of tragedies during the flood. Thus at Hurlingham Court Mansions, near Putney Bridge, were drowned Miss Irene Frances Watson and her cousin, Miss Dorothy Lilian Watson. At River Court, a house on the Upper Mall, Hammersmith, two maid-servants, Miss Evelyn Hyde and Miss Annie Moreton, were trapped and drowned in a basement room. One of the ten victims of the flood in Westminster was a young man named Frank Willsher, of 21, Hinchcliffe Street, who was drowned in a basement kitchen.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE Dean of St. Paul's made an admirable remark the other day. It was in a review of Bishop Barnes's sermons, with which we are not primarily concerned here. But it is curious to note that, while the Dean and the Bishop are supposed to be allies, they are here something like antagonists. At least the one Broad Churchman has given the other Broad Churchman an appropriately broad hint. It would be dreadful to say that one eminent clergyman has given the other a kick; but it is something very like a kick under the table. That is the sign of a friend—

shape is not shapeless. But it is possible to twist the thread until it breaks. It is possible to wind the coil in and out until nobody knows whether it is being coiled or uncoiled, wound or unwound, or each alternately, like the futile tapestry of Penelope. What is the matter with the mind of the moment is that it is neither thinking forwards to combination nor thinking backwards to simplicity. It does need intelligence to weave the pattern; it also needs intelligence to unweave the pattern. It needs no intelligence to tear up the pattern and then wave about the patches.

There is no value in men owning broken bits of complexity they cannot simplify. That is a great deal less artistic than the loose thread or the waving hair or the reed shaken in the wind in Jordan.

So it is with that living thread or line that we call a sentence. A sentence of Ruskin or De Quincey may be as long and sometimes seem as languid as a serpent; it may be figured with elaborate tint and pattern like a serpent. But it is alive and it can strike as swiftly as a serpent. It is all one thing; it has a head and a tail. It is quite different from a worm broken up into writhing bits, of which we can no longer make head or tail. Now much of modern writing, talking, and even thinking is made up of those little twisting fragments of the dead worm. It is made up of disjointed bits of journalese; phrases that are often long-winded and long-worded, but are still bits of phraseology unconnected by any spinal column of philosophy. Certain groups of words go together, without any reference to where they are going to, still less to where they come from. The condition of these mere clots and clumps of cold coagulated speech is much worse than

the natural stringing together of the simplest words, by the simplest people, to express the simplest facts. It is better to say that a big black cloud looks like rain, which is true, than to say that the flag of the Social Imperial Party will weather the storm, owing to the skill with which the Member for Giggleswick has "piloted" the Performing Fleas Protection Bill through Parliament—which is a mass of meaningless emblems and inapplicable metaphors. The former may at least lead a man to take an umbrella; in former times it may even have led a man to invent an umbrella. But the latter will not tell anybody anything whatever about storms or about pilots, and very little about Parliamentarians and Performing Fleas. If the test of our education is whether we are using more phrases, or more elaborate phrases, or more references, allusions, and general terms, then certainly our education has greatly expanded. But it is one thing to use them and another to make them useful. A few live words are more useful than strings and strings of dead words, tied to one another and trailing along; and these latter do not represent new and varied thoughts, but rather a sort of substitute for thinking. It would be better to talk in words of one syllable, if we could think in words of one syllable, on the principle of one sound, one sense. Progress is not really proved until we are sure that the sense of the leading article is as definite as that of the definite article. Large numbers of people, who could think as far as the monosyllable, simply leave off thinking when they are carried along by the polysyllables. Men remember having seen a phrase many times; they do not even

remember to have understood it once; they certainly never think of attempting to understand it now.

Scores of examples could be given from any page of print. I will take one sublimely idiotic example, which arose in connection with a sublimely idiotic proposal. Some Americanised lunatic or other wanted to take a harmless English village named Boreham and give it the name of Hollywood. What he really meant by it the moon, the goddess of lunatics, can alone know. But what he actually said was this: "We wish to cleanse the name of Hollywood of its more doubtful associations."

Now that phrase, which is meaningless to the point of madness where it stands, has really quite a long history concerned with where it came from. It is a phrase which really raises some of the profoundest and yet most practical problems of morals. It is a phrase we use, or ought to use, about whatever institution we really regard as ultimate and having a final claim on our loyalty. If a thing with no such claim becomes unclean, we do not necessarily clean it; we very probably clear out of it. We do not remove the stains from what may be itself a stain; we remove the stain from ourselves. If I find that a limited company is an unlimited swindle, I do not go about cleaning the name of Guatemalan Gutta-Perchas or Pekin Consolidated Pork. These names were never sacred to me even when I trusted them; now I distrust them they are nothing at all. But if I have a family and desire it to continue to be respected in the future as in the past, I may talk of erasing a blot from the escutcheon, because I loved it before the blot and am loyal to it after the blot. So I may talk of wiping a stain off the reputation of my country or my city or my old school. Applied to something I never cared a curse about, like a film clique in California, it means nothing. Now, as a fact, the most important question for everybody to-day is—what are these things to which we belong? What are the things we must always clean and never clean away? Is a marriage an ultimate thing like that? Is a nation? These are real questions; and they are never realised, because the whole air is stuffy with stuff and nonsense like "cleansing the name of Hollywood."



THE SCENE OF AN UNPRECEDENTED LONDON DISASTER: A MAP SHOWING THE LOCALITIES FLOODED IN THE CENTRAL AREA, FROM VAUXHALL BRIDGE TO THE TOWER.

In Central London the Westminster district suffered most severely from the great flood of January 7, ten people being drowned there in basements. Palace Yard became a lake. On the south side much damage was done in Lambeth and Southwark. At the Tower the moat was filled with flood water.

if a candid friend. On the metaphysics of Transubstantiation, the Dean politely indicates that the Bishop does not know what he is talking about; which is indeed the case. But the Dean seems to imply that the Bishop is almost as ignorant of the Evolution he does accept as of the Transubstantiation he doesn't accept. He points out that Evolution, as a cosmic concept, has nothing in the world to do with the alleged recent progress of the special species called man in the mere moment called modern history. Here, of course, he is quite right. A man might as well mix up "revolutions" like the Bolshevik Revolution with revolution in the sense of the earth revolving round the sun. It is simply an ignorant confusion; and the Dean of St. Paul's, with all his faults, is not ignorant and not confused. But it is in this connection that the Dean makes the remark to which I specially refer, and it would be well if all other liberal thinkers or theologians could liberate their own minds enough to realise and remember it. He says that what we call progress is generally only an increase of complexity, and the idea that all complication is improvement is not quite so obvious to us as it seems to have been to Herbert Spencer.

That is really the whole point to-day. Take, by way of a type or figure, anything that flows in long lines, straight or along living curves: the long hair of Samson or Godiva, the long threads from the looms of Tyre or the Flemish towns, the great grass of the prairies or the rushes along the legendary Nile. Now up to a point it may be true to say that weaving these flowing threads into patterns or plaiting them into ropes is an advance in culture because in complexity. Incidentally, it would involve the inference that the Victorian coiffure was the height of civilisation, and all bobbing and shingling a collapse into low savagery. But perhaps that would not disturb Herbert Spencer, and does not greatly disturb me. It were indeed an idle debate to discuss whether we should plait or curl or leave flowing the ambrosial locks of Herbert Spencer, because he was prematurely bald and presumably prejudiced. The point is that the advance of art and intelligence may naturally twist all these loose ends into shapes or patterns; and all may be well so long as we recognise the pattern and so long as the



THE TATE GALLERY AFTER THE GREAT FLOOD, WHICH IMMERSSED THE TURNER DRAWINGS AND MANY OTHER WORKS: SALVAGE WORKERS BRINGING OUT PICTURES FROM THE INUNDATED BASEMENT.

The exact amount of damage caused by the flood at the Tate Gallery has not, at the time of writing, been ascertained. The chief anxiety was for the great collection of Turner drawings, some 15,000 of which were kept in the basement. Sir Charles Holmes, Director of the National Gallery, stated afterwards that "the Turner drawings have survived their submergence far better than anyone could have expected." About a dozen oil paintings by Landseer were much more damaged. Mr. Rex Whistler's new wall paintings in the restaurant, painted in a modern damp-proof technique, were said to have withstood the ordeal of the flood perfectly.

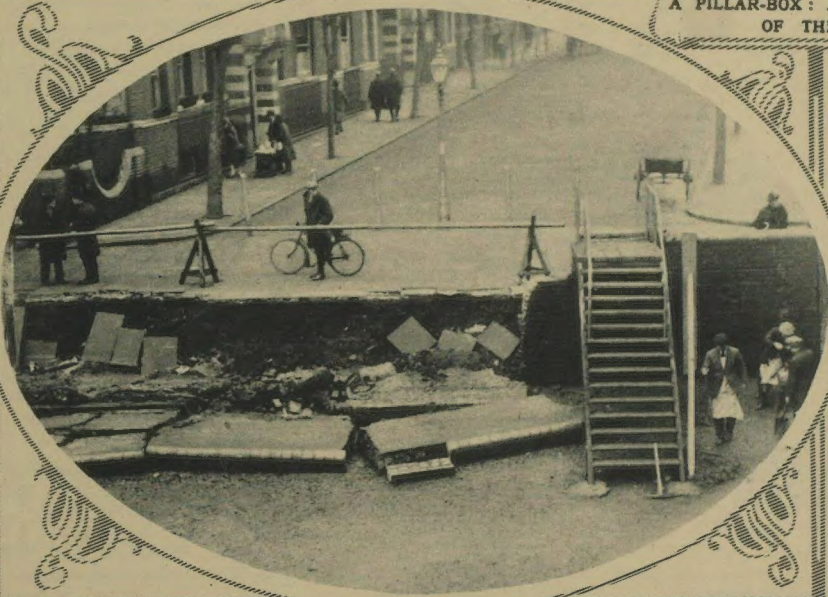
STRANGE SCENES IN FLOODED LONDON: THE TOWER "MOATED"; SAND-BAG BARRICADES.



THE TOWER OF LONDON TEMPORARILY RESTORED TO ITS MEDIEVAL ASPECT: THE FLOODED MOAT, WITH THE TOPS OF FOOTBALL GOAL-POSTS RISING ABOVE THE WATER.



THE CHILDREN'S SAND-PIT IN THE VICTORIA TOWER GARDENS, WESTMINSTER, USED FOR FILLING SAND-BAGS: WORKMEN ENGAGED IN STOPPING BREACHES IN THE EMBANKMENT WALL.



NEAR THE HOUSE ON THE UPPER MALL WHERE TWO MAIDSERVANTS WERE DROWNED IN THE BASEMENT: A BREACH IN THE EMBANKMENT PARAPET AT HAMMERSMITH.



SANDBAGS NOT COMPLETELY EFFECTIVE IN KEEPING OUT FLOODS: WATER TRICKLING THROUGH AN EMERGENCY EMBANKMENT IN GROSVENOR ROAD, NEAR THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT (IN BACKGROUND).



THE CHILDREN'S SAND-PIT IN THE VICTORIA TOWER GARDENS, WESTMINSTER, USED FOR FILLING SAND-BAGS: WORKMEN ENGAGED IN STOPPING BREACHES IN THE EMBANKMENT WALL.



WITH TWO BOATS LYING GROUNDED ON THE ROADWAY: WORKMEN CONSTRUCTING AN EMERGENCY BARRICADE OF SANDBAGS WHERE THE EMBANKMENT GAVE WAY AT MILLBANK.



IN THE DISTRICT WHERE TWO LIVES WERE LOST IN A BASEMENT FLAT IN HURLINGHAM COURT MANSIONS: THE FLOODS COVERING THE POLO GROUND AT HURLINGHAM.

Extraordinary scenes were witnessed in London on the day following the sudden overflowing of the Thames in the early hours of January 7. The moat round the Tower of London, for instance, was filled with water, and for a day or so reverted to its ancient aspect of a mediæval fortress thus isolated from attack. The sight was unique within living memory, for the moat was drained in the early part of last century. Of late years part of it has been used for football, and some goal-posts are seen in our photograph. By January 9 it had been cleared of water. At Hammersmith two maid-servants, Miss Evelyn Hyde and Miss

Annie Moreton, were trapped and drowned in a basement bed-room at River Court, on the Upper Mall. They were alone in the house, and their bodies were found later. Immediately after the disaster, the authorities began salvage and prevention work, and large bodies of workmen were engaged in stopping breaches in the Embankment walls, at various points, with sandbags and other material, in view of a possible recurrence of the flood at the next high tide. At Westminster, sand was taken for this purpose from the children's sand-pit playground in the Victoria Tower Gardens.

A NEW CHAPTER IN ARCHÆOLOGY: THE PREHISTORIC CIVILISATION OF THE INDUS.

By SIR JOHN MARSHALL, C.I.E., Litt.D., F.S.A., Director-General of Archaeology in India. (See Illustrations on Pages 43, 44, and 45.)

The following article is a continuation of that given in our last issue, in which Sir John Marshall described the extensive excavations at Mohenjo-daro and Harappa, and the nature of the buildings found, the oldest of which he dated to about 3300 B.C., discussing also the racial origin of the ancient inhabitants, their dress and its materials, their domestic animals, and the wild animals of that time. His object in the whole article has been to summarise, for the benefit of numerous enquirers, the conclusions reached regarding the age, character, and affinities of this great prehistoric Indian civilisation, the discovery of which has been an epoch-marking event in the history of archaeology.

AGRICULTURE.

BIG cities with teeming populations like Harappa and Mohenjo-daro could never have existed save in an agricultural country which was producing its own food on a large scale. Though little has yet been discovered of the processes of agriculture and irrigation then in vogue, it is worthy of remark that the specimens of wheat found in Mohenjo-daro resemble the common variety grown in the Punjab to-day. Touching this question of agriculture, it is also noteworthy that there are strong reasons for inferring (a) that the rainfall in Sind and the Western Punjab was then substantially heavier than it is now; (b) that Sind was then watered by two large rivers instead of one, and as a consequence was at once more fertile and less subject to violent inundations. The two rivers are, of course, the Indus and the old Great Mihran—otherwise known as the Hakra or Wahindah, which once received the waters of the Sutlej and flowed well to east of the Indus, following a course which roughly coincided with that of the Eastern Nara canal.

FOOD.

Besides bread and milk, the food of the Indus people appears to have included beef, mutton, and pork, the flesh of tortoises, turtles and gharial, fresh fish from the Indus and dried fish imported from the sea-coast. Evidence of these various articles of diet is furnished by bones—sometimes in a half-burnt condition—found among the houses. For the identification of these and other bones and for much interesting information concerning them, I am indebted to Major R. B. Sewell, I.M.S., and his assistants of the Zoological Department of India, to whom my grateful acknowledgments are due.

PERSONAL ORNAMENTS.

The ornaments of the rich were of silver and gold, or copper plated with gold, of blue faience, ivory, carnelian, jadeite, and multicolour stones of various kinds. For the poor, they were mainly of shell or terra-cotta. Many examples of both kinds

have been recovered. Especially striking are the girdles of carnelian and gilded copper, and some of the small objects, e.g., earrings and "netting" needles of pure gold, the surface of which is polished to a degree that would do credit to a present-day jeweller.

METALS.

Besides gold and silver, the Indus people were familiar with copper, tin, and lead. Copper they used freely for weapons, implements, and domestic utensils, daggers, knives, hatchets, sickles, celts, chisels, vessels, figurines, and personal ornaments, amulets, wire, and so on. Most of these objects were wrought by hammering, but examples of cast copper are not unknown. Copper was easily obtainable—on the west from Baluchistan, on the east from Rajputana, and on the north from Afghanistan. Tin was more difficult to get, and was probably imported from Khorasan, or through Sumer from further west. It is found, not as a pure metal, but alloyed with copper to form bronze, which was used mainly for tools requiring a hard cutting edge—namely, razors, chisels, celts, and saws, but also for vessels, statuettes, bangles, beads, buttons, and other ornaments. The bronze is of a high grade, containing from 6 to 12 per cent. of tin; but, in spite of its advantage over copper being well recognised, the number of bronze objects is comparatively small, doubtless owing to the difficulty and cost of procuring tin.

WEAPONS AND KNIVES.

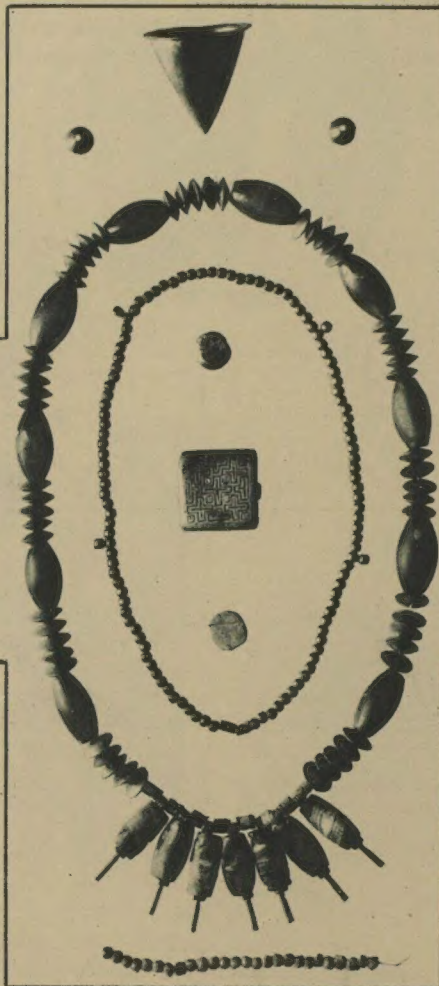
The paucity of weapons at both Harappa and Mohenjo-daro is surprising, the only ones yet found being a few mace-heads, axes, daggers, arrow-heads, and possibly spear-heads. It looks as if these cities were but little acquainted with warfare! While copper was used, and used freely, for all sorts of utensils, knives made from flakes of chert were also common, and show, like the stone maces and celts, that the influence of the Neolithic age had not entirely passed away.

Chert, being a particularly hard stone, was also used for burnishers as well as for weights, which followed a local Indian standard, not the Babylonian or Elamite one. Shells (*sank*) were imported in large quantities, as they were in Sumer, from the sea-coast, to be cut up into dippers, bangles, beads, and a variety of personal ornaments, or used for inlay work in wood. Blue encaustic faience, of a kind similar to that found in Mesopotamia and Egypt, also played an important part in the making of ornaments, miniature vases, amulets, and the like, while a finer and harder variety of this paste was used for finishing off the surface of seals.

POTTERY.

Common domestic vessels were of earthenware. Their great variety of shapes—each evolved for some particular purpose—evidences a long period of antecedent development, though it is curious how few of the vases are provided with handles. Most of the pottery is plain, undecorated red ware, but painted ware is by no means uncommon. As a rule, the designs are painted in black, on a darkish red slip, and consist of geometric and

(Continued on page 78.)



INDIAN JEWELLERY 5000 YEARS OLD AKIN TO A MODERN FASHION: A NECKLACE (THE LARGER ONE) OF GREEN JADEITE AND GOLD, WITH PENDANTS OF VARIOUS PARTICOLOURED STONES, AND OTHER TRINKETS FOUND AT MOHENJO-DARO.



RECALLING THE STORE-ROOMS OF THE MINOAN PALACES IN CRETE: A LARGE BUILDING EXCAVATED AT HARAPPA, PROBABLY A STORE-HOUSE OR TREASURY (NECESSARILY SPACIOUS IN THE DAYS OF TRADE BY BARTER WITHOUT METAL COINAGE), WITH TWO PARALLEL SERIES OF HALLS AND CORRIDORS, DIVIDED BY AN AISLE DOWN THE MIDDLE—A VIEW TAKEN FROM THE WEST.

Photographs by Courtesy of Sir John Marshall, Director-General of Archaeology in India.

"INDUS" RELIGION 5000 YEARS AGO: BURIAL CUSTOMS; SEALS; AND CULT-OBJECTS.



1. A "FRACTIONAL" BURIAL AT MOHENJO-DARO, OF A TYPE FOUND IN PERSIA AND BALUCHISTAN: ONLY PART OF THE SKELETON (HERE THE SKULL) BURIED, WITH VASES AND PERSONAL RELICS.



3. BELIEVED TO BE CINERARY URNS, LIKE THOSE RECENTLY DISCOVERED ON PREHISTORIC SITES IN NORTHERN BALUCHISTAN: JARS CONTAINING SMALLER VESSELS AND SOME OF THEM ASHES.



2. INCLUDING A PROCESSION OF SEVEN KILTED AND HELMETED MEN, CATTLE, AN ELEPHANT, AND PICTOGRAPHS: SOME OF THE 150 SEALS AND TERRA-COTTA SEALINGS FROM AN EARLY STRATUM AT HARAPPA.



4. POSSIBLY SYMBOLIC OF THE YONI AND CHESSMAN-LIKE OBJECTS OF THE LINGA WORSHIP: LARGE RING-STONES AT MOHENJO-DARO, OF A TYPE VARYING IN DIAMETER FROM HALF AN INCH TO TWO FEET.

QUESTIONS of deep interest regarding the religion and burial customs of the ancient Indus people are discussed by Sir John Marshall in his article on page 42. In addition, he notes on photographs: "(1) An example of a 'fractional' burial at Mohenjo-daro. In such burials only a part of the corpse—in this case, the head—was interred, along with earthenware pots and other objects. Similar burials have been found in Baluchistan and Western Persia. (3) Jars containing smaller vessels and, in some cases, ashes. They are believed to be cinerary urns, but the evidence is not conclusive. (4) A group of 'ring-stones' at Mohenjo-daro, believed to have been cult-objects of worship. Such ring-stones are made of many substances, and vary in diameter from half an inch to a couple of feet or more. (5) A group of human skeletons found in a building at Mohenjo-daro. Their attitudes suggest that they may have died of some plague or pestilence." In his first article (in our last issue) Sir John referred to the skull shown in No. 1 above as "the only skull approximating to a brachycephalic type" found at Mohenjo-daro, nearly all the skeletal remains being those of a dolichocephalic (long-headed) people. Referring to the Harappa discoveries he said that one early stratum "yielded more than 150 seals and terra-cotta sealings. One of the most striking of these seals depicts a procession of seven men wearing kilts and helmets and marching in a line." This group appears in the top of No. 2 above.



5 "VICTIMS OF SOME TRAGEDY—MURDER, PERHAPS, OR PESTILENCE," AND AFFORDING NO EVIDENCE OF ORDINARY BURIAL CUSTOMS: ONE OF TWO LARGE GROUPS OF SKELETONS FOUND IN MOHENJO-DARO.

"INDUS" DAILY LIFE 5000 YEARS AGO; POTTERY; WEAPONS; TOOLS; TOYS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF SIR JOHN MARSHALL, DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF ARCHEOLOGY IN INDIA. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON PAGE 42.)



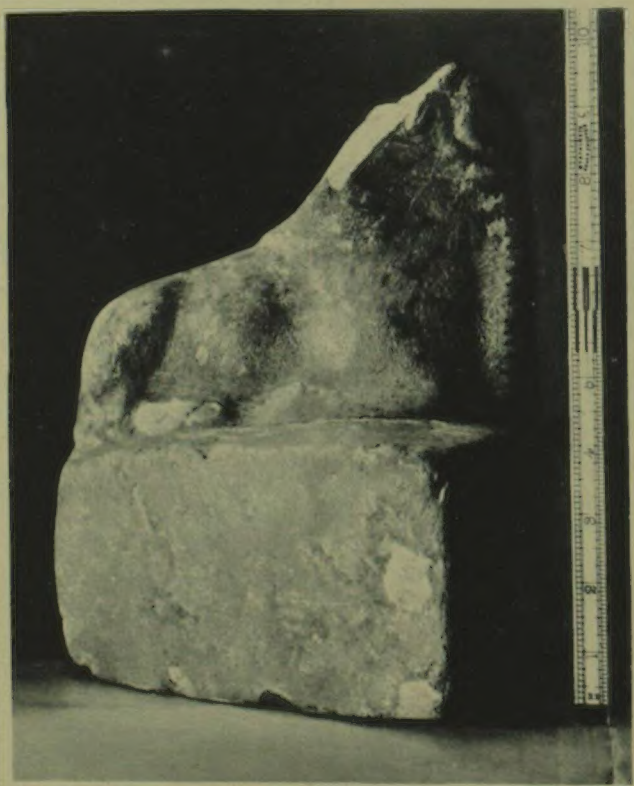
1. FOUND WHERE THEY WERE LEFT, PERHAPS, BY SOME INDIAN HOUSEWIFE MANY CENTURIES AGO: A GROUP OF EARTHENWARE DOMESTIC VESSELS *IN SITU*, AT MOHENJO-DARO.



2. WITH A VESSEL (CENTRE) SIMILAR IN STYLE TO LATE ROMAN POTTERY: TWO RARE EXAMPLES OF ANCIENT INDIAN POLYCHROME DECORATION—VASES FROM MOHENJO-DARO PAINTED IN RED, WHITE, AND BLACK.



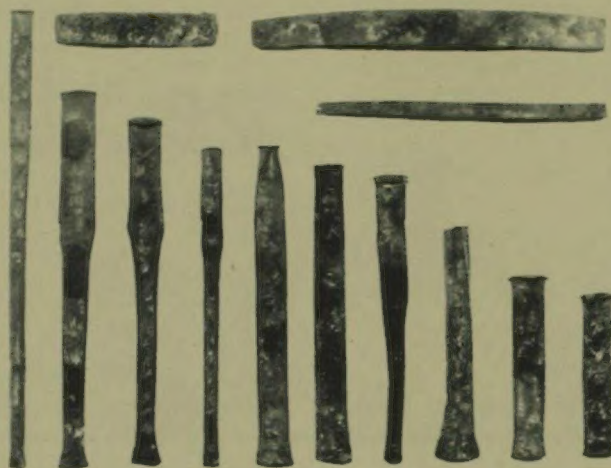
3. DOUBTLESS THE TREASURED POSSESSION OF AN INDIAN CHILD SOME FIVE THOUSAND YEARS AGO: A TOY ANIMAL OF TERRA-COTTA WITH A MOVABLE HEAD WORKED BY A STRING.



4. EVIDENCE THAT TOTEMS WERE IMPORTANT IN THE "INDUS" RELIGION: AN ALABASTER IMAGE OF A FABULOUS CREATURE, PART BULL, PART RAM, PART ELEPHANT—A CULT-OBJECT.



5. WONDERFUL ANIMAL MODELLING IN MINIATURE: A FAIENCE MONKEY FROM MOHENJO-DARO.



6. THE PAUCITY OF WEAPONS FOUND SUGGESTS LITTLE ACQUAINTANCE WITH WARFARE: A GROUP OF DAGGERS, KNIVES, AND CHISELS FOUND IN A COPPER VESSEL AT HARAPPA.

common. . . . Blue encaustic faience, similar to that found in Mesopotamia and Egypt, played an important part in the making of ornaments. Common domestic vessels were of earthenware. Their great variety of shapes—each evolved for some particular purpose—evidences a long period of antecedent development, though it is curious how few of the vases are provided with handles. Most of the pottery is plain undecorated red ware (No. 1), but painted ware is by no means uncommon. . . . A few specimens of polychrome decoration in red, white, and black have also been met with at Mohenjo-daro [No. 2—the two side vases. "The centre piece," says Sir John, "might have come from some late Roman settlement in the west."]. Some of the ceramic shapes and ornamental patterns both at this site and at Harappa betoken a connection with Elam and Mesopotamia as well as with Baluchistan. . . . The modelling in faience of the miniature rams, monkeys (No. 5), dogs, and squirrels is of a very high order—far in advance of what we should expect in the fourth and third millenniums B.C. . . . That totems played an important part in the religion of the 'Indus' people seems evident from the statues and other representations of a strange composite animal (e.g., No. 4), partly 'ram, partly bull, and partly elephant, as well as from a multitude of other animals—real or fabulous—engraved on the seals."

"The paucity of weapons," writes Sir John Marshall, in his article on page 42, "at both Harappa and Mohenjo-daro is surprising, the only ones yet found being a few mace-heads, axes, daggers (No. 6 above), arrow-heads, and possibly spear-heads. It looks as if these cities were but little acquainted with warfare! While copper was used for all sorts of utensils, knives made from flakes of chert were also

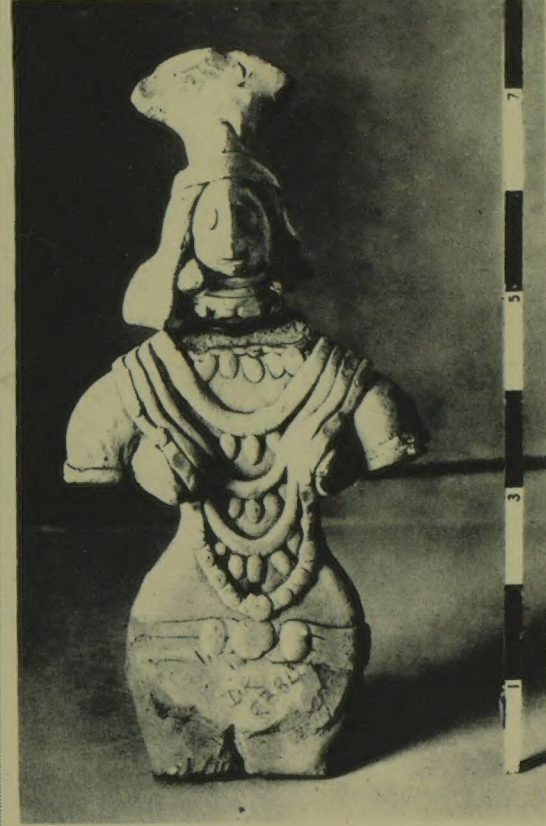
THE ART OF INDIA ABOUT 3000 B.C. STATUETTES AND JEWELS OF THE PREHISTORIC "INDUS" CULTURE.



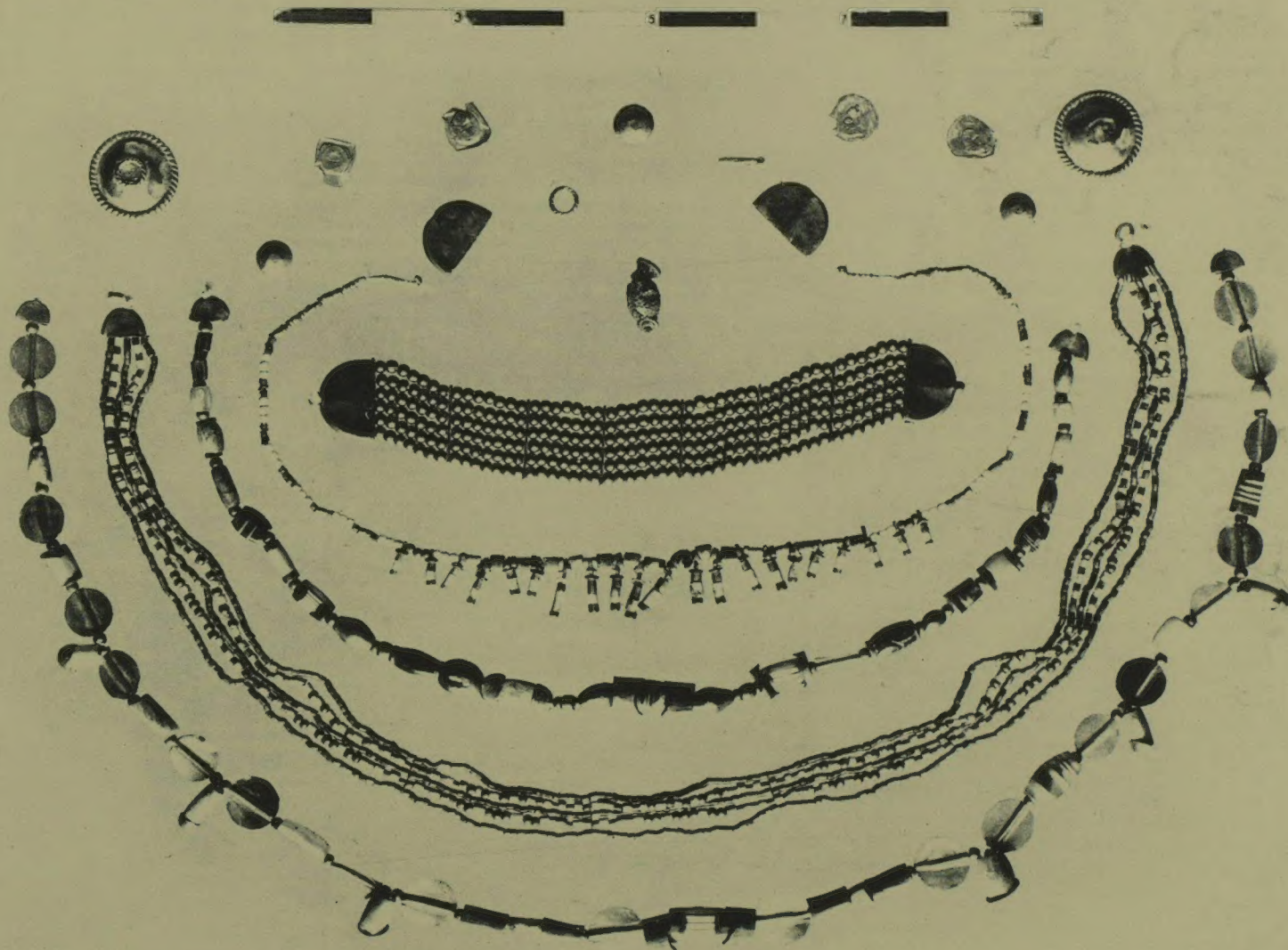
1. WITH ARM-RINGS RECALLING THE MODERN PADAUNG WOMEN: A COPPER STATUETTE OF A DANCING GIRL, WITH LONG BACK HAIR.



2. FOUND CONTAINING A VALUABLE COLLECTION OF GOLD AND SILVER JEWELLERY (SEEN IN NO. 4, BELOW): A SILVER VASE FROM MOHENJO-DARO.



3. IDENTIFIED WITH THE MOTHER GODDESS OF MESOPOTAMIA: A TERRA-COTTA FIGURINE OF A WOMAN WITH ELABORATE HEAD-DESS AND NECKLACES.



4. A REMARKABLE HOARD OF ANCIENT INDIAN ORNAMENTS ABOUT 5000 YEARS OLD WHICH "WOULD DO CREDIT TO A PRESENT-DAY JEWELLER": THE CONTENTS OF THE SILVER VASE (SHOWN IN NO. 2, ABOVE) FOUND AT MOHENJO-DARO, WHERE "THE ORNAMENTS OF THE RICH WERE OF SILVER AND GOLD, OR COPPER PLATED WITH GOLD, OF BLUE FAÏENCE, IVORY, CARNELIAN, JADEITE, AND MULTICOLOUR STONES OF VARIOUS KINDS."

Describing the dress and personal adornments of the ancient Indus people, Sir John Marshall said (in his article in our last issue): "The one and only head of a female statue that we possess shows the hair falling loose behind. Among the lower classes, men apparently went naked, and women with a narrow loin-cloth only; though there is one statuette of a dancing-girl (No. 1 above) without even this garment." The coil of rings round the dancing-girl's left arm recalls the photographs (given in our issue of August 20 last) of modern Padaung women in Burma wearing similar coils round their necks and legs, with rows of bangles on their wrists. In a note on the photograph (No. 1), Sir John Marshall

writes: "The protruding under-lip is characteristic of figures in the Gupta period of Indian art—some 3000 years later." In his article in the present number, he says: "The ornaments of the rich were of silver and gold, or copper plated with gold, of blue faïence, ivory, carnelian, jadeite, and multicolour stones. . . . some of the small objects, e.g., earrings and 'netting' needles of pure gold, are polished to a degree that would do credit to a modern jeweller. . . . The numerous terra-cotta figurines, which portray a nude female crowned with elaborate headdress and bedecked with ornaments, can hardly fail to be identified with the figures of the mother goddess familiar in Mesopotamia and countries further to the west."

Possibilities Between Covers: The Stage Decorative.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF "ROBES OF THESPIS: COSTUME DESIGNS BY MODERN ARTISTS."*

(PUBLISHED BY MESSRS. ERNEST BENN, LTD.)

THERE is nothing of Foote's Sir Thomas Lofty about Mr. Rupert Mason. Rather, there is a most engaging modesty. No "sharp-judging Adriel" wrote his Preface; no "British Pollio, Atticus, Macenas of England."



A MEDIAEVAL MASK FOR THE MODERN STAGE:
"JEHANNE"—BY OLIVER MESSEL.

It is the simple statement of a patron who is at once a "protector of arts" and a practical man. "The title of this book," it reads, "is 'Robes of Thespis,' but its sub-title might well be 'The Dawn of Opportunity,' for that is precisely the idea which was in my mind when I first considered the possibilities which lie hidden between the covers of such a volume as this.

"To bring to light unknown artists—to enable them to have a chance of success hitherto denied them—to prevent their genius, their enthusiasm, from dying before development—to create means of allowing their imagination to have free play—these aims seemed to me worthy of every effort I could command.

"But naturally to publish the work of unrecognised artists alone would not create the public interest which was essential to the idea. I sought, therefore, the help of eminent men in art and letters, whose names would give a special value to the book, and ensure the wide circulation necessary for the success of the scheme. With some I placed commissions to produce designs specially for this book, and from others I purchased drawings and designs hitherto unpublished; leading men of letters have written special essays on subjects of which they are acknowledged masters, and among these illustrious ones are found the names and selected works of many not yet famous, but in whom can be discerned the talent which may carry them far. To these has been given the opportunity of public recognition and ultimate success. And so this book is issued with confidence that it may prove a source of pleasure to the connoisseur, of value to the artistic public, of advantage to those who seek reliable information on a subject of absorbing interest, and of real assistance to the younger artists whose well-being I have at heart.

"The whole of the profits, which I hope will be considerable, will be devoted to the creation of a fund to help those for whose sake the idea was first advanced."

That is the Foreword in its entirety. I make no excuse for quoting it in full, for it expresses far better than could any paraphrase the worthy aim of an endeavour which should most certainly achieve its benevolent end. And I would stress once more the note of practicability that is so valuable a part of its harmony. The irrepressible "Max"—now, alas! as he himself confesses, "a simple, gaping, alien sight-seer" in London—cannot forego fantasy in his "Points Raised by an Opera Hat," and has lampooned his friends Nicholson, Rutherford, Craig, Morrison, and Ricketts as they dress themselves, with a pictorial query as sequel: "Why Not Rather Thus?" yet he is but half serious when he eggs on the young men of his lost Metropolis to satisfy their craving for colour and bankers after the invention of costumes "not merely for actors and actresses, but also for citizens." The while his fellow-contributors bow gracefully to limitations and are aware that commerce and common-sense must be linked with imagination and artistic effort.

Notably, Mr. Lennox Robinson, dealing with Irish dramatic costume, Sir Barry V. Jackson, writing of costumes in general, and Mr. Nigel Playfair, discussing costume at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, put in pleas for economy in these difficult days of rent-ridden managers. Mr. Robinson is insistent for what may be termed local reasons.

* "Robes of Thespis: Costume Designs by Modern Artists." Edited for Rupert Mason by George Sheringham and R. Boyd Morrison. With 109 Plates in Colours and in Monochrome. (Ernest Benn, Ltd.; £8 8s.; Edition-de-Luxe, £14 14s.).

He is concerned chiefly with the repertory theatre, where, if costs are to be covered, the "tar" that may be lavished on plays put on "for a run" must be used "as grudgingly as if it were gold-leaf"; where scenery, costumes and effects must be as versatile, as adaptable, as the actors; where happy compromise must march with reality and the Crummles pump.

Sir Barry Jackson preaches from a kindred text. Artist and producer, he argues, should labour together to ensure saving. "In theatrical productions . . . there is no virtue in extravagance. Wherever an effect can be gained as well by a less as by a greater expenditure, it should be so gained, and the costume designer, often a sinner in this respect, should use a reasonable amount of ingenuity in getting his effects with the least waste. Theatrical expenses to-day are very high, and not the least of them is the one that concerns us here, the high cost of materials and labour needed for costume." It is no longer possible to nurse dramatic weaklings into sturdy grown-ups: the daily outlay is so great that in many instances only full houses for a considerable period can ensure the walking of the Friday ghost!

Mr. Nigel Playfair is quite as emphatic—and none can question the perfection of his Lyric productions. "It is necessary," he writes of his enterprise, "to add that from the beginning the most rigid economy has been necessary and this has entailed a very careful study of the economy of means in creating an effect—an economy not only in the actual materials used, but in the elimination of trimmings, and the substitution of suggestion for realism." That is where Claude Lovat Fraser excelled. He was a master of modes and manners, but he was able to re-create a period without the meticulous copying of actual garments and actual scenes. His "sets," his costumes, were obviously "right"; yet they were "fantasticated" at times, almost caricatures at others. "What he tried to do, and what he succeeded in doing, was to think, himself, in terms of the chosen period, to design his dresses as if he



THE MASK IN THE MODERN THEATRE: "WINGED ICARUS"—
BY OLIVER MESSEL.

This mask is one of the illustrations in "Robes of Thespis," in which it is given by permission of Mr. Glyn Philpot, R.A. All the reproductions on this page are from the same work, by courtesy of Mr. Rupert Mason.

were indeed a contemporary of the people in the play to be decorated, and not as if he were a modern painter reconstructing a bygone era. He held that only thus could a living and truly dramatic thing be created out of the past, and he wished his work to be as distinct as possible from a mere piece of museum reconstruction, which he always thought utterly unsuitable to the needs of a theatre." And none criticised adversely. But—irony of Fate!—when he designed a fifteenth-century setting for "As You Like It," faithfully following illuminated manuscripts, he was accused by the majority of presenting "a bad example of the strained and futurist tendencies of twentieth-century artists!"

As a rule, however, as has been said, he was content to convey an impression of precision. "Of course, there was nothing new in using an artist to design costumes and scenery. Irving had done it—had he not called into the theatre Madox Brown himself and others of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood? His Victorian methods were too costly for our day—besides, modern art has realised that realistic attention to minute and exact details is not necessary to provide delight for the eye of the beholder. Lovat Fraser led the way to this realisation. Inexpensive methods, he proved, might hold as much elegance and charm as the past with its luxury had given. Necessity became the mother of experiment. And not only did he achieve his aesthetic aim, but he even designed scenery that was 'mechanically ten times as efficient and financially several times as cheap.' That must be remembered.

Fraser, in fact, was a neo-Georgian pioneer; and how revolutionary his methods were can only be appreciated to the full by those who have been theatre-goers for several decades. Thrift ordered his course; but how well he interpreted his orders, how far his ways were from those of the "rogues and vagabonds" who strode the boards centuries ago, and to lack of means added a lack of understanding! Did he, I wonder, glow with the ecstasy that must have been Kean's when he essayed an archaeologically correct "King John"? Possibly not; for his break-away was not as violent as that of the actor who swept aside that "dress of the day" method which persisted from Shakespeare's time to that of Garrick—and beyond.

Save for certain costumes—traditional; chosen to

"label" well-defined characters; selected to indicate strangers from other earthly lands and from the masquerade realms of gods and goddesses; or made to magical end: "a robe for to go invisibell"—the dresses then worn on the stage differed but little from those seen in the front of the house. Colour might be cruder, cut might be more eccentric, ornamentation might be more obvious; otherwise there was no change. Mr. Francis M. Kelly, quoting Platter, gives as one reason the fact that the English stage apparel was "largely recruited from the effects of defunct noblemen, often bequeathed to lackeys, and by them sold to the players"; while it is history that Mary of Modena presented Mrs. Barry with her own "wedding suit" after having seen her in the Earl of Orrery's "Mustapha," and gave her her coronation robes that she might wear them as Queen Elizabeth in Banks's "Earl of Essex"; as it is history that when Davenant produced his "Love and Honour" with the "Duke's Servants" at Lincoln's Inn Fields, the coronation suits of the King, the Duke of York, and the Earl of Oxford were displayed by Betterton, Harris, and Price, who must have found themselves a veritable ostentation of peacocks!

As to Garrick—and some others! "For the part of Hamlet, Garrick wore a black Court suit and wig of the period . . . as Macbeth he wore the uniform of an officer of the Guards. [Here, we may add parenthetically, anticipating what is said to be an intention of Sir Barry Jackson's: to uniform Macbeth as a Staff Officer in his forthcoming modern costume "Macbeth."] In a Greek rôle (Agis) in 1758 he adapted—ask me not why—the habit of a contemporary Venetian gondolier. . . . As Richard II, he wore a costume more or less of James the First's time with a furred surtout. . . . Mrs. Barry, as Rosalind, wore a furred suit and busby. In the part of Romeo, Holman wore a short jacket and knickers embellished with sewn-on puffs intended to represent slashes. Mrs. Bellamy is said to have been the first English actress to discard the hoop-skirt in Dodsley's 'Cleone.' Fur trimmings, by the way, were held to lend a delightfully 'Gothick' touch to costume." Such things would not be tolerated now; but there is no need to be blacked all over to play the Moor! As the Misses Amelia Defries and Maria Pitt-Chatham have it of Fraser, the modern artist may rid himself of the unwieldy in tradition and obtain the spirit rather than the body of Hogarth and of Gay.

The chances are many—for tragedy, comedy, and farce; for revue and its kind; and, of course, for ballet. Much that has already been done is illustrated in "Robes of Thespis" by designs by such "old hands" as Gordon Craig, Edmund Dulac, Albert Rutherford, Charles Ricketts, Claude Lovat Fraser, William Nicholson, Norman Wilkinson, of Four Oaks, George Sheringham, Doris Zinkeisen, Glyn Philpot, Paul Nash, Laura Knight, Aubrey Hammond, Paul Shelving, and others; and by such comparative new-comers as Gladys Spencer Curling, Cecil French Salkeld, Randolph Schwabe, Cyril Mahoney, Reginald Brill, Norah McGuinness, William Conor, Victor Hembrow, John Armstrong, Phyllis Dolton, Elspeth Anne Little, D. W. Dring, and Philippa Gee, to name but some. The result is an example, an incentive, and an encouragement—in the sumptuous form of a book of fine format, excellent essays,



A "NATIVE" MASK FOR THE MODERN STAGE:
"A HAWAIIAN."—BY OLIVER MESSEL.

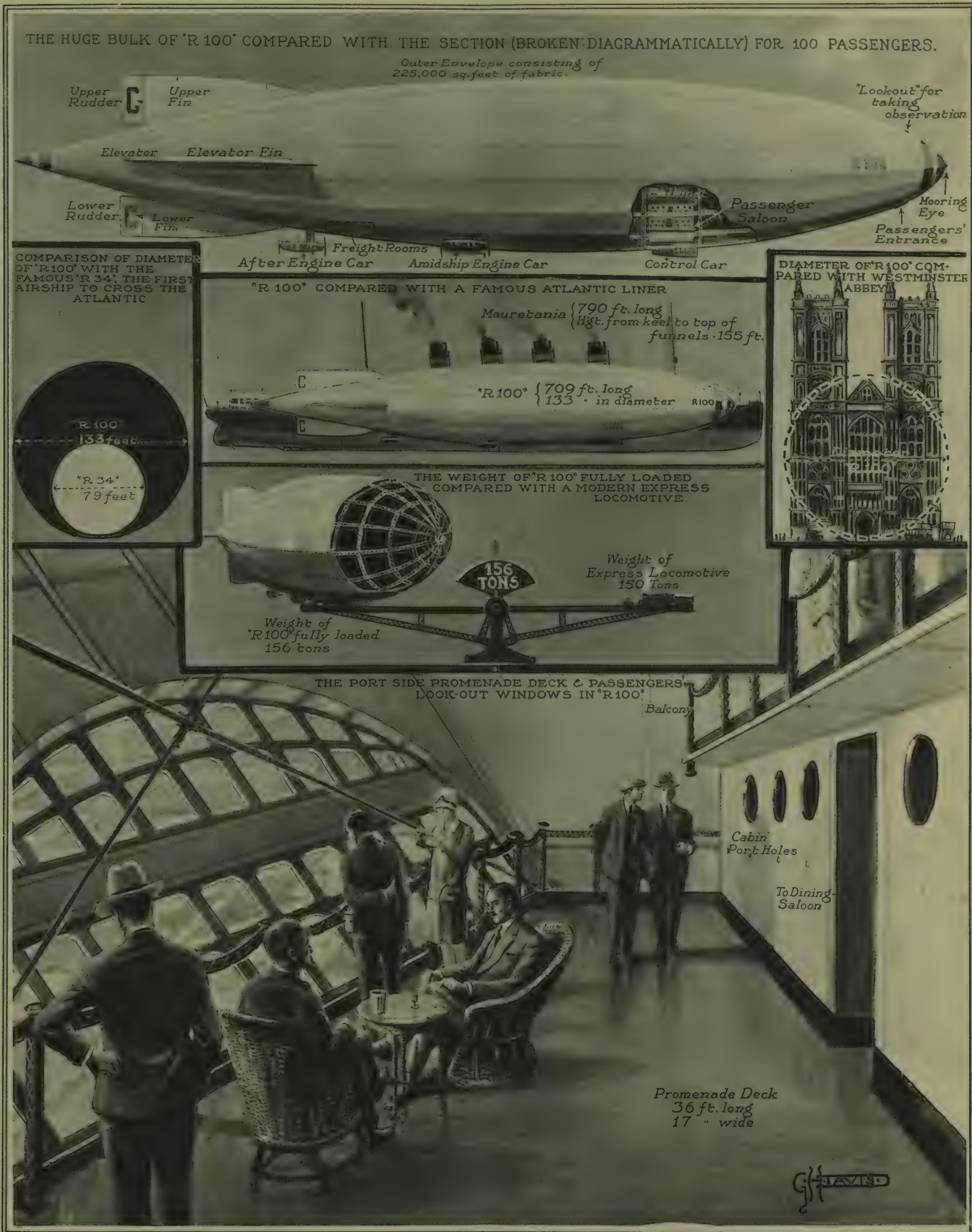
By Courtesy of Mr. Fenwick Cutting.

and perfect plates. Much applause is due to Mr. Rupert Mason. There can be nothing but praise for the volume of his fashioning and for the philanthropy that brought it into beautiful being.

E. H. G.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST AIR-SHIP APPROACHING COMPLETION: "R 100."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY THE AIRSHIP GUARANTEE COMPANY, LTD. (COPYRIGHTED.)



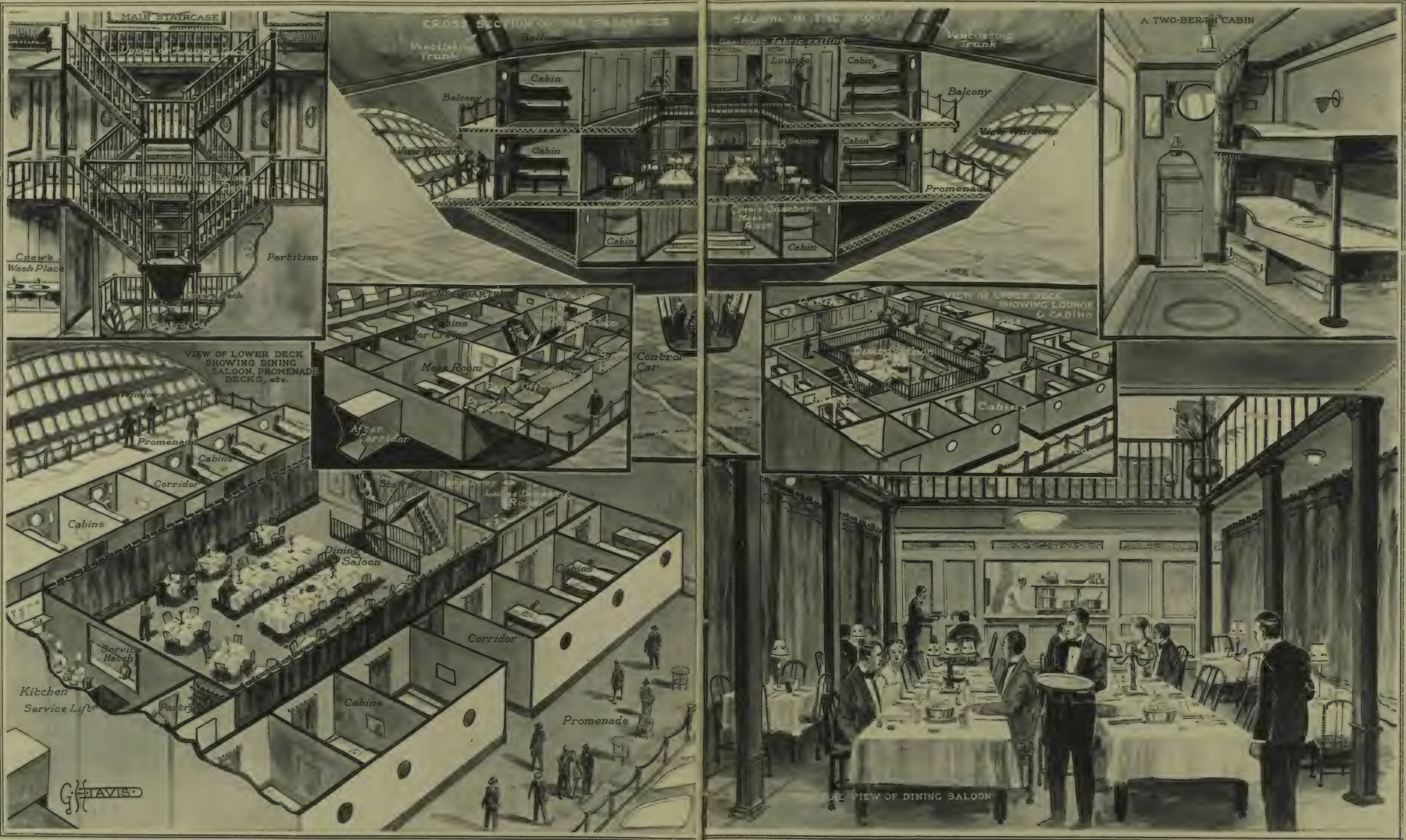
NEARLY AS LONG AS THE "MAURETANIA" AND WIDER THAN WESTMINSTER ABBEY: "R 100," THE NEW GIANT AIRSHIP.

This year will see take the air the most wonderful flying machine ever constructed—the new rigid airship, "R 100," which is being built by the Airship Guarantee Company, Ltd., at Howden Aerodrome, Yorkshire. A similar ship is under construction by the Government at the Royal Airship Works, Cardington, near Bedford, and will be known as "R 101." The two gigantic airships are the very latest of their type, far in advance of anything hitherto built. In size they

absolutely dwarf the "R 34," the only airship to cross the Atlantic and back, and the constructional details have been worked out after very thorough research. The "R 100" has luxurious passenger-accommodation, including 39 separate sleeping-cabins, and a dining-saloon to seat 50 at a time. It will carry 100 passengers and a crew of 40. Detailed illustrations of the passenger-quarters are given on the succeeding double-page.

A "FLYING HOTEL" TO TAKE THE AIR THIS YEAR: "LINER" LUXURIES ABOARD THE NEW GIANT AIRSHIP "R 100."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY THE AIRSHIP GUARANTEE CO., LTD., AT HOWDEN AERODROME.



A 100-PASSENGER AIRSHIP WITH 39 SEPARATE SLEEPING-CABINS, PROMENADE DECKS, AND

The "R 100" and her sister ship, "R 101," both under construction in this country (as noted on another page), will be far the greatest airships ever built. The "R 100," here illustrated, is 709 ft. long by 133 ft. wide, and 225,000 square feet of fabric is being used for her outer envelope, stretched over a rigid framework. Whereas in earlier airships, and in all the Zeppelins, the framework was of duralumin girding, in "R 100" all the main members consist of duralumin tubing, specially made at Howden, remarkably light in weight, but enormously strong. No less than ten miles of this tubing has been built into the "skeleton." There are three engine cars, two abreast of each other amidships, slung to port and starboard of the lower frames; the third further aft and slung below the centre line. In these cars are six Rolls-Royce "Condor" type engines, each of 650-h.p., and there are also smaller motors for lighting power and driving dynamos. The passenger accommodation, inside a section of the great hull, consists of three decks, the lowest being the crew's deck. The lower deck carries the dining-saloon, promenade, and sleeping cabins, while the upper deck contains the lounge, with

DINING-SALOON SEATING 50 AT A TIME: THE "R 100" AND HER "HOTEL" AMENITIES.

balconies to port and starboard, and other sleeping-cabins. The structure housing these three decks is slung from the framework, and is about 53 ft. wide, 36 ft. fore and aft, and 27 ft. high. This is a veritable flying hotel, to accommodate a hundred passengers, with all the luxuries of modern travel. Yet this hotel fully loaded weighs only twenty tons. Along the base of the hull runs a gangway. The section from the bow to the passenger-saloon forms the passengers' entrance, where they go aboard from the mooring mast. Aft of the saloon the passage becomes a working gangway leading to the freight-rooms. Below the passenger-saloon is the control car. Here are the navigation officers and the wireless cabin. The crew will consist of the captain, three commissioned officers, a coxswain, elevator coxswains, riggers, fuel-guard, chef, and stewards, a total of forty. Elaborate precautions are taken against fire. The passenger-saloon is built of fireproof fabric and fireproofed Balsa wood; there is a double roof and excellent ventilation. No gas from the fifteen gigantic ballonets (made of goldbeater's skin) can escape inside the ship. The speed will be about eighty-three miles per hour. (Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

THE DAY OF RECKONING.

ITEM: 365 days in the year 1927; 250 days—matinées or evenings, or both—spent in the theatre; 150 of these days devoted to premières and revivals in town; 60 ditto in the suburbs or provinces; 40 ditto spent in second visits to test my own judgment, and, if need be, to amend it; then one day for a general survey, to jot down how many of these plays are worth remembering; and, after immense effort, with a reeling brain, two dozen for all harvest. Oh! don't be afraid; I am not going to give you a dry summing-up of titles which would bore you. I merely sum up in general to illustrate the unassailable truth of the mountain and the mole-hill. Nor is my observation unique. I compared notes with a colleague and with another regular first-nighter. We joined in a "comb-out" independently, and we came to the same conclusion. The year 1927, bad in many respects, has been, in practical results, the worst year of many. It has added little of value to our drama, and, for remembrance, perhaps twenty-five plays in all, including "Yellow Sands," by Eden Phillpotts; "On Approval" and "The High Road," by Lonsdale; "Interference," at the St. James's; and the far too little appreciated "White Château," by Reginald Berkeley. Our masters—Shaw, Galsworthy, Pinero—have remained silent; H. A. Jones, who has, I understand, many works in manuscript, has remained unproduced. Noel Coward made three attempts—"The Marquise," "Home Chat," and "Sirocco"—two of these failed; Sutro (I say it in deep sorrow) failed; Harwood achieved one *succès d'estime*, and his "Golden Calf" failed. "Marigold," a charming effort in Victorian vein, stands out as the only light comedy that entered unobtrusively and still holds its own.

On the other hand, 1927 was the year of an unprecedented American invasion of many vicissitudes. It produced two notable works—"Crime," a melodrama with a mission; and "The Silver Cord," in which Miss Lilian Braithwaite once again maintained her splendid superiority attained in "Vortex." Again, 1927 was remarkable for the vogue of crook-plays, mostly importations; but one or two of them, notably "The Crooked Billet," by Dion Titheradge, were by English authors.

Finally, the outstanding feature—and one which to a certain extent redeems our theatre from pure commercialism—was the production of Strindberg's "Father," in which Robert Loraine rose to greatness; and "The Dybbuk," by Anski, which made a great impression although it only attracted the *intelligentsia* and passed above the heads of the average playgoer. The Sunday Societies, growing apace, made endless experiments, introduced us to the French dramatist Le Normand, "Les Ratés" (Venturers) and "Simoun" ("Q"), but very few were deemed sufficiently vital to migrate to the evening bill.

So far my summary seems wholly pessimistic, but, despite the poor harvest, I would not sound that note. I have seen many a play, both on Sundays and at "Q," which, with a little touch of the practised hand, would have done

well for a run. I have seen others—"Open Spaces," for instance, by Harry Tighe—which would have gone further in any country where the economic conditions of the theatre are not so onerous as here. The trouble is that our managers can only risk what is called "a dead cert." from the box-office point of view (and how often is that specula-

tion fallacious!), and that, without definite policy, they scarcely pay any attention to the useful work of the experimental theatres, or, when they clap on hastily one of these "tried-out" plays, they—to make hay while the sun shines—after the first impression have no time or patience to make necessary alterations. The case of John van Druten's latest

comedy at the Criterion was one in point. It succeeded on a Sunday; it was taken up; it was hastily tinkered, wrongly cast, and—soon petered out from the evening bill. Had it been left alone, had the management seen it at its birth, had the leading actress been retained, its fate might have been otherwise. And that happens over and over again. I think of "The Big Drum"—its success at "Q," its foundering at the Adelphi. Many a fairly promising play, successful at its début, has failed in transfer for want of precaution and insight. A success in the miniature theatres of "Q" and the Arts Club may be drowned in a larger playhouse. Not until the managers, like some critics, make it their business to follow minutely the work of the experimenting pioneers, will the system prove as fruitful as it is intended to be. I have seen several plays at "Q" which, I wager, would have made a better bill than the current West-End fare, but which went no further because no representative from the centre was present to test their merits.

In examining the year's activities, it is fair that we should look beyond London and observe what is done in the provinces. True, provincial life is only gradually awakening to progress, but the movement is thriving and interesting. In some cities there is a beginning of municipal aid. In many others there is a definite secession from the mere touring system. Big towns, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, even Plymouth and Huddersfield, valiantly enfranchised by Alfred Wareing, have artistic theatres of their own. Leeds, all honour to its prowess! has two. In these cities the local author has a chance of a hearing, and, as a result, new men and women playwrights are springing up who, sooner or later, will be heard in London. The fact that these provincial repertory theatres live and multiply, and in most cases, however modestly, make the two ends meet, points whither the wind blows.

It may take years, it may take decades, to place the English theatre on the same footing as the Continental, where every self-respecting township has at least one house rendered independent from sheer commercialism by subsidy and the ordinance to further the cause of the intellectual and classic drama. But I feel convinced that we are steering in the right, the higher, course; that—to put it in a word—the play will cease to be a plaything and become an enlightening—I would say, if I dared, an educational—factor in the lives of the community. It is this final note at the beginning of a new year which quells my despondency at the barren record of its predecessor, and which, like a *carillon*, silences the echo of love's labour lost in the hopeful peal of "Carry on!" "Qui vivra verra!"



A PEER IN SEARCH OF HIMSELF, AT SEA WITH A BARMAID AND A PUGILIST: (L. TO R.) KINKS CONNOLLY (MR. FRED GROVES), ALICE BOLTON (MISS HEATHER THATCHER), AND LORD LANGLEY (MR. HUGH WAKEFIELD), IN ACT 2 OF "QUEST" AT THE CRITERION.



ENGAGED TO A LAWN-TENNIS "STAR" AND BULLIED BY A COUSIN FROM CANADA, THE PEER WONDERS WHY HE WAS BORN: (L. TO R.) CONSTANCE DRAYTON (MISS JOYCE KENNEDY), GEORGE MAYNARD (MR. D. A. CLARKE-SMITH), AND LORD LANGLEY (MR. HUGH WAKEFIELD) IN ACT 1 OF "QUEST" AT THE CRITERION.

Mr. Ralph Stock's comedy, "Quest," introduces a young peer, Lord Langley, who had been taught by his father to regard himself as a "minus" quantity compared with his elder brother, on whose death he succeeded. Constance, to whom he is engaged, thinks more of Wimbledon than of wedlock. Consequently, when a truculent cousin from Canada turns up, and demands the title and estate, Lord Langley decides to surrender them and disappear. "I shall set out," he says, "to discover what I want and why. I'm in the world." Chance makes him acquainted with a barmaid and a bullying prize-fighter, both of whom he takes to sea aboard his yacht. There he discovers himself, but how exactly he achieves the "quest" it would be premature to disclose. Enough to say that love and jealousy, a storm, a rescue, and a personal encounter form phases in the adventure.

SPORT AND A ROYAL TOUR: A KING TOBOGGANING; AND INTERNATIONAL "RUGGER."



THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS SKATING AT ST. MORITZ, WITH PHIL TAYLOR, THE WELL-KNOWN PROFESSIONAL.



THE FIRST REIGNING MONARCH TO DESCEND THE ST. MORITZ BOB RUN, WHERE HE WAS IN A MISHAP: KING ALBERT (SECOND FROM LEFT, IN HORN-RIMMED SPECTACLES).



WEARING THE WHITE TOP-HAT WHICH ANNOYED CERTAIN CAIRO MOSLEMS: KING AMANULLAH VISITING THE SPHINX.



EASTERN ROYALTY IN WESTERN DRESS: (L. TO R.) THE QUEEN OF AFGHANISTAN (HER FIRST PHOTOGRAPH UNVEILED), KING AMANULLAH, AND THE QUEEN'S SISTER, ABOARD THE "RAJPUTANA."



WEARING THE VEIL, WHICH SHE RECENTLY DISCARDED, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN PUBLIC, ON HER ARRIVAL IN ROME: THE QUEEN OF AFGHANISTAN AT THE RACES IN BOMBAY.



ENGLAND'S "RUGGER" VICTORY OVER THE "WARATAHS" (NEW SOUTH WALES): AN INCIDENT OF THE GREAT MATCH AT TWICKENHAM BEFORE THE DUKE OF YORK AND SOME 50,000 OTHER SPECTATORS—E. N. GREATORIX (N.S.W.) COLLARED AND BROUGHT DOWN JUST BEFORE REACHING THE ENGLISH GOAL LINE.

The King and Queen of the Belgians have been enjoying winter sport at St. Moritz, where King Albert had what he called "his greatest thrill." During his third descent of the Bob Run, the bobsleigh skidded at forty miles an hour, and Lord Northesk, the brakeman at the back, was thrown out. Mr. Dudley Delavigne managed to move into the empty place, and pulled King Albert by the seat of his trousers into the position he himself had occupied, to restore the balance, and the rest of the run was safely completed. King Albert is the first reigning monarch to descend the run, and the only man who has ever done so wearing horn-rimmed spectacles. The second time he went down he was advised to

remove them.—The King and Queen of Afghanistan adopted Western dress for their tour in Europe. King Amanullah's white top-hat, it was reported, annoyed the Ulemas (Moslem religious leaders) of Cairo, who expected him to wear the usual tarboosh (or its Afghan equivalent) instead of a hat similar to those worn by "foreigners." They are said to have cancelled, for this reason, a reception they had planned in his honour. The Queen of Afghanistan and her sister discarded the veil on board the "Rajputana" on the voyage from Bombay.—In the great "Rugger" match at Twickenham on January 7, England beat New South Wales by 3 goals and 1 try (18 points) to 1 goal and 2 tries (11 points).

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE WINTER WHITENING OF ANIMALS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

TIME was when a fall of snow roused me to the wildest transports of delight. To-day it fills me with apprehension—at any rate if necessity compels me forth into the open. Yet, I admit, the landscape under a mantle of snow becomes invested in a new glory. And I will make the further admission that the prospect of a "white Christmas" this year appealed to my sense of "fitness." Nevertheless, I felt no very deep sense of regret when the sudden thaw came, for the poor redwings and other birds were beginning to feel the pinch of hunger; in a few more days they must have died in hundreds.

As I write, once more the snow is falling, and I note again the discomfort of the birds. As I watch them a natural sequence of ideas leads to the contemplation of Arctic conditions, and their effects on animal life. More especially am I thinking now of that curious reaction which some birds and beasts display towards a snow-covered landscape when they turn white. It is a matter of common knowledge that in

Scotland the hare, stoat (Fig. 2), and ptarmigan turn white in winter. This change, we are told, in the loose language of popular speech, is a "device" to enable them to avoid their enemies, or to steal unawares on their prey." But it is not a "device," but rather the final result of a combination of a number of inter-related physiological factors, or agencies, internal to the organism, and their co-ordination to meet the conditions imposed by the external environment.

It will be noted that this change occurs only in regions where the snow constitutes a universal and persistent mantle of white for many weeks, or even months; and then only in the case of such birds or beasts as can contrive to find a sufficiency of food to tide over these lean weeks.

Neither the redwing, to which I have referred, nor the field-fare—nor any of the thrush tribe, for that matter—turns white in winter. Such an adjustment would be useless, for when the snow falls their food supply is cut off. Hence it is that these birds, and many others, are driven from their northern homes to our shores each autumn, and even here they may be, and sometimes are, overtaken by the icy hand of winter. It is not cold, but hunger, that they seek to avoid.

Nor do all the dwellers within the Arctic regions (Fig. 3) turn white in winter. The raven still wears his sable mantle. He has no enemies to avoid, and

needs no concealment from his prey, since the moribund and the dead are plentiful enough to serve his needs. The musk-ox does not whiten, because he has no enemies sufficiently numerous to become a menace. The Polar bear is white the year round; but the seals on which he feeds wear a dark livery. Here we find an excellent illustration of the part played by the white coat. The bear lies up at an ice-hole waiting patiently for a seal to come up to breathe. The moment its head and shoulders are clear of the water the bear makes a grab and hauls its victim out. Were it coloured like its relations of more southern latitudes the seal would be warned in time, and disappear. Spending most of its time under water, the seal has no need of a protectively coloured livery. The penguins of the Antarctic, though they live the year round amid the snow, have no protectively coloured livery, for they have no enemies save the skua-gulls, which steal their eggs and young, and their food is gleaned in mid-water.

That low temperature is a factor underlying this assumption of a white livery is a supposition ruled out of court by what obtains in the case of these Antarctic penguins, the raven, the musk-ox, and the seals. Colonel Meinertzhagen, in an address delivered before the Royal Geographical Society quite recently, makes the truth of this contention still more clear. Colonel Meinertzhagen's address concerned his trip to Ladakh for the purpose of studying the fauna and flora of the Tibetan Plateau. Here, he points out, "where winter conditions closely approximate to those of Northern Europe, we have no single case of winter whitening." His interpretation of this fact is convincing. Not cold, but snow, produces this. "The Tibetan Plateau," he remarks, "though gripped in the iron grasp of frost, is not snow-bound. Winter whitening would be a disadvantage to Tibetan animals, and it therefore does not occur. That terrible struggle for existence which reaches to a very high pitch on the Tibetan Plateau is centred round desert conditions and a very low temperature. In the Arctic it is centred round snow, and the general whitening of the environment. Winter whitening of animal life would not help in Tibet. . . . It is vital in the Arctic, where we find it to be almost invariable."

Something must now be said as to the means

whereby this whitening of fur and feather takes place. It was asserted by no less an investigator than Metchnikoff, while he was head of the Pasteur Institute, that this change from the dark livery of summer to the white mantle of winter was effected by a process of "depigmentation." And he persuaded himself that, in the case of mammals, he had found that certain of the blood-cells known as "phagocytes" ascended the medulla of the hair and devoured the pigment. Having become gorged with this material, they made their way back into the blood-stream, leaving the hair colourless. Some error of interpretation seems to have been made here, and it is, indeed, very certain that no such process as this takes place. And this because the white coat is always assumed by the normal process of "moulting." If a lemming be examined just before this moult is due—and its time may be hastened by a spell of cold weather—the new white hair which is to form the winter coat will be found pushing its way through. If a lemming were kept in confinement, say, here in England, it might be found that the new fur of this autumn moult was fully pigmented. This would show that the absence of pigment was determined by



FIG. 1.—EVIDENCE AGAINST METCHNIKOFF'S THEORY OF DEPIGMENTATION AS A CAUSE OF WINTER WHITENING IN PLUMAGE: A FEATHER OF THE ARGUS PHEASANT.

Neither in hairs nor feathers can depigmentation take place after the manner described by Metchnikoff. The portion of a "quill-feather" of an Argus pheasant shown here displays an extremely intricate pattern. The series of "eyes" running up along the left of the shaft, like the longitudinal stripes of black and white, are not really continuous areas of pigment, but are formed by the approximation of particles of pigment enclosed within the delicate horny rods closely set and springing from the shaft on either side. These rods can be plainly seen along the right side of the white main shaft of the feather.



FIG. 2.—SCOTTISH ANIMALS TURNED WHITE IN WINTER, SINCE THEIR SUMMER FUR WOULD BE TOO CONSPICUOUS: THE STOAT OR ERMINE (LEFT) AND THE WEASEL (RIGHT).

Both the stoat and the weasel in Scotland turn white in winter: the chestnut and white of the summer pelage would render them conspicuous. The stoat, in its white dress, is known as the "ermine." The end of the tail is black throughout the year, and this black "brush" forms an important feature in the ermine fur of the furriers.

the increasing decline of temperature, especially at night; just about the time when the new hair-follicles were becoming active, for neither cold nor snow *per se* was the originating cause of winter whitening. From long association, however, the stimulus of cold would suffice now to inhibit the formation of pigment at this moult.

It has been suggested that the white plumage of the ptarmigan and the willow-grouse is brought about also by the agency of pigment-eaters. Not only is there not a scrap of evidence in support of such a belief, but the very structure of the feather makes such a process as depigmentation impossible. In the upper left photograph (Fig. 1) will be seen a portion of a feather of an Argus pheasant bearing a complex pattern. That it is more complex than that of the feathers of the autumn plumage of these birds matters not. The pattern, simple or complex, is not formed of continuous masses of pigment, but by little specks of pigment lodged in the chitinous barbs of the feather—that is to say, in the separate rods which form the elastic web or vane of the feather. They form lines, or wavy bands, or dots, by the juxtaposition of neighbouring barbs. Paint a streak of red across the closed fingers of the hand. A red bar is formed. Open the fingers, and at once that bar is broken up. Bars of colour across the vane of a feather are formed after this fashion. Even if the pigment-eating cells had no double journey to make, but were already in position waiting for the appropriate stimulus to awake them into activity, they could never make their way from the barb down the pith-cells of the stem and the dense wall forming the substance of the hollow quill portion of the feather on their way to the skin.



FIG. 3.—TURNED WHITE IN WINTER OWING TO THE NECESSITY OF PURSUING ACTIVE PREY: THE ARCTIC FOX IN ITS WINTER (RIGHT) AND SUMMER FUR.

The Arctic fox, like the stoat, the weasel, and the Polar bear, since they must stalk lithe and active prey, have to wear white in winter. The Polar bear, indeed, is white, or yellowish white, the year round, that he may steal upon seals lying on the ice by their breathing-holes, or as they attempt to leave the water. They are far too swift to be caught while swimming.

IVEAGH BEQUEST PICTURES AT THE ACADEMY: 18TH-CENTURY PORTRAITURE.



"MISS MARTINDALE": BY GEORGE ROMNEY.



"TWO SHEPHERD BOYS WITH DOGS FIGHTING":
BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A.



"WILLIAM BRUMMELL AND HIS BROTHER, GEORGE BRYAN, AFTERWARDS
KNOWN AS 'BEAU BRUMMELL'": BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.



"MISS BRUMMELL; ONLY SISTER OF 'BEAU BRUMMELL'":
BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A.

As we recorded in "The Illustrated London News" of November 26 of last year, when we reproduced certain of the pictures in question, the late Earl of Iveagh bequeathed to the nation sixty-three of the best examples in his remarkably fine private collection. These sixty-three works, which are to form the nucleus of a gallery at Kenwood, Hampstead (which his Lordship also left to the nation), are now to be seen at the Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy, where they share

the honours with works by late members of the Academy. Further reproductions will appear in "The Illustrated London News." It is interesting to add the note that Romney was never admitted to the Royal Academy. Reynolds was the first President of the Royal Academy (founded 1768). Gainsborough was one of the thirty-six original members of the R.A., but withdrew in 1784, piqued at what he deemed the bad position given to his "Three Princesses."

BY THE GREATEST PORTRAIT-PAINTERS OF THEIR TIME

REPRODUCTIONS BY PERMISSION OF THE



"THE COUNTESS OF
ALBEMARLE
AND HER SON":
BY
GEORGE ROMNEY
(1734—1802).



"MRS. JORDAN
AS 'ROSALIND':"
BY
JOHN HOPPNER, R.A.
(1758—1810).



"MRS.
CROUCH":
BY
GEORGE
ROMNEY.



"MARY COUNTESS HOWE": BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, JAN. 14, 1928—55

REPRODUCTIONS BY PERMISSION OF THE



"KITTY FISHER
AS 'CLEOPATRA':"
BY
SIR JOSHUA
REYNOLDS, P.R.A.
(1723—1792).



"LADY BRISCO": BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A.
(1727—1788).



"MRS.
MUSTERS":
BY
GEORGE
ROMNEY.



"MRS. MUSTERS AS 'HEBE': BY SIR JOSHUA
REYNOLDS, P.R.A.

As is remarked on our other page dealing with the subject, the present Winter Exhibition at the Royal Academy is of very special interest, for, in the words of the Catalogue: "By kind permission of the Trustees of the late Earl of Iveagh, K.P., G.C.V.O., the sixty-three pictures by Old Masters which the Earl bequeathed to the nation as a permanent collection to be kept at Kenwood, Hampstead, are included in the Exhibition before their installation at Kenwood." With reference to the sitters for the works here reproduced, we call the following facts from the Catalogue.—The Countess of Albemarle in the picture by Romney was Anne, youngest daughter of Sir John Miller, of Chichester. She married George, third Earl of Albemarle, in 1770, and she died in 1824. The child is William Charles, afterwards fourth Earl, who was born in 1772, and died in 1849.—Mrs. Jordan was "Dorothy Bland; b. 1762; first appeared on the stage at Dublin, 1777; afterwards came to London and performed at Drury Lane, 1785; d. in France, 1816. . . . Wearing Hussar uniform. . . . Purchased at Christie's, 1894, as a portrait of Mrs. Jordan as 'Rosalind,' from the Onley Savill-Onley Collection. In 'John Hoppner, R.A.' by McKay and Roberts,

1909, this is stated to be a portrait of Mrs. Charlotte Goodall (who was a rival to Mrs. Jordan in 'breeches parts'), as 'Frederick' in 'Lovers Vows.'—Mrs. Goodall was Charlotte Stanton, was born in 1765, and, in about 1787, married Thomas G. Goodall (Admiral of Hayti), a native of Bristol. She first appeared on the stage at Bath in 1784 as "Rosalind," and played the same part at Drury Lane in 1788. She died in 1830.—Kitty Fisher was "the daughter of a German; her name is written Fisscher by Sir Joshua; she sat to him several times from 1759 to 1767; was celebrated for her wit and beauty; m. 1776 John Norris; d. 1767 or 1771."—Lady Brisco was Caroline Alicia, daughter of Gilbert Fane Fleming. She married John Brisco, of Crofton Hall, Wigton.—Mrs. Crouch was Anna Maria Phillips, actress and singer, pupil of Mr. Linley. She was born in 1763 and died in 1805.—Mary Countess Howe was Mary, daughter of Chilverton Hartopp, of Welby, Notts. She married Richard Howe, the famous Admiral, in 1758.—Mrs. Musters was Sophia Catherine Heywood. In 1776 she married John Musters, of Colwick, and she was the mother of John Musters, who married Mary Chaworth, Byron's first love. She died in 1819.

THE "IVEAGH" OLD MASTERS.

By P. G. KONODY.

NOT of all collectors is it true when it is said that they buy works of art on their own judgment. Many there are who would have the world think that the mag-

nificence of their collection is due to their own vision, knowledge, and astuteness. But of the late Lord Iveagh it may truthfully be said that he did actually of his own sagacity and choice make the very fine collection of pictures which now enriches the nation by his bequest. His method of acquiring pictures was to choose from works offered to him and to appoint Messrs. Agnew as his agents for negotiating their purchase: or he would ask Agnews to find for him such and such a type of picture by this painter or that. The point is, he always knew what he wanted. The catholicity of his taste is proved by wandering through the rooms of one of his houses—namely, Grosvenor Square—whither have been brought from his other residences all the pictures included in his bequest, which, at the suggestion and through the mediation of the *Daily Mail*, are on exhibition this winter at Burlington House.

Here are pictures of English, Dutch, and French Schools hung with discretion. They were not arranged in a gallery, as is the case of so many large collections. They "furnished" the rooms in which they were hung. They were there obviously for the pleasure and instruction of their owner. He lived with them and loved them. He enjoyed them not with the gratification of one aware of the eventual appreciation of his possessions, but as one humbly learning from great masters and imbibing some of the beauty and emotion which their works abundantly give to those who ask.

Lord Iveagh was more than a collector. He was an art lover. He did not accumulate for the mere sake of acquisition, and that is why you find in his collection that each individual picture has, as it were, a niche of its own. Added to these great qualities, this benefactor had in his make-up a refreshing modesty. Never did he "show off" his treasures. His closest friends had rather to seek them out. They knew that for them to ask to see a specified picture was the test of their appreciation of it. No man was ever "shown round" by Lord Iveagh, and I can imagine no man was ever bound to mumble insincere nothings to gratify his host's desire for approbation, because such a desire did not exist.

It is, then, out of this genuine picture-love that the great Iveagh collection was formed. Those pictures which will now belong to the nation in its own gallery at Kenwood House have been selected with care, and the nation is fortunate in getting the cream of the collection. Kenwood House, Hampstead, bequeathed by the late Lord Iveagh as the permanent home for these pictures, will not be ready for some months to receive them, but from Jan. 12 they can be seen at the rooms of the Royal Academy, Burlington House, Piccadilly.

Their value is about £500,000 or more, and it is a decision of the trustees that, rather than incur the enormous expense of insurance, the surveillance will be strong and their guard continuous night and day. Over sixty pictures are here, representing the English, Dutch, Flemish, and French Schools of painting. Of the first, there are fifteen Reynoldses, ten Romneys, ten Gainsboroughs. Of the other three, Vermeer, Rembrandt, Hals, Rubens, Ostade, Van Dyck, Cuyp, and Boucher are among the masters represented. For the Italian School Lord Iveagh seemed to have had no particular liking, though the

bequest includes two precious little Venetian views by Guardi. But then, Guardi assimilates with any distinguished company—he belongs to the world, not to Italy.

Reynolds is represented by pictures which trace the whole of his working career, the lovely group of the Angerstein

children being amongst them.

This picture was exhibited in the Academy of 1783. Reynolds was paid £200 for it, and speculation runs riot on what this picture would fetch to-day.

Gainsborough was the great rival of the first President of the Royal Academy, and the present collection contains some important examples of his work. He himself considered "Two Shepherd Boys with Dogs Fighting" his best work; and well it might be, for no animal-painter has surpassed the superb painting of Gainsborough's dogs, with their vigour and lifelike qualities. But an almost unknown Gainsborough of great beauty, "Going to Market," must not be missed. It is in his most limpid and fascinating manner, is of exquisite colour, and a most unusual composition. Romney is also represented by his favourite picture, "Lady Hamilton as Spinstress," known all over the world by engravings and illustrations. It was painted for Charles Greville, but never paid for by him, John Curwen coming to the rescue, and the picture was eventually acquired by Lord Normanton.

The only Vermeer in the collection is "The Guitar Player." It is a small, lovely thing, and has many points of similarity with "The Mandolinist" in the Johnson Collection at Philadelphia. It is also unusual in that the hair here seen in ringlets is usually twisted round the head in Vermeer's pictures. Works by this master are exceedingly rare, and this one is particularly enjoyable for the marvellous breadth of treatment of some of its most delicate features. The inset fretwork of the guitar and the plucking hand are especially delightful parts of the painting.

The "Portraits of Rubens and His Wife" by Rubens and Snyders is interesting because it is a version of a similar composition on a much larger scale known as "The Return from Market."

Snyders was one of Rubens's most able assistants, and is known for his painting of animals and still life.

The well-known full-length portrait of Henrietta of Lorraine by Van Dyck is also here, rivalling the finest examples of his Genoese period. Frans Hals is represented by a picture as fine in many ways as his famous "Laughing Cavalier." It is entitled "L'Homme à la Canne," and is a portrait of the founder of Batavia, Pieter van der Broecke. The breadth of the painting of the finely detailed lace is a joy to behold.

But when all is said and done, when these many pictures are studied and enjoyed, there is one painting that towers above them all. It is supreme in its position, and is Rembrandt's portrait of himself. Poor Rembrandt is here revealed to us as a man stricken with poverty and trouble. He looks at us from the canvas as one to whom light has come through tribulation, but still proud withal. Here is no cause for maudlin sentiment. There is no hint of self-pity. Its majesty is inspiring. And the technique of it—simply amazing. The paint is teased into a curious stippled surface giving values to tone and colour in a manner that remains its own secret, for it has baffled every painter who has since tried to emulate it. The painting of this picture in 1663 changed the whole art of painting from that time on. It is one of those few works of art whose influence has affected whole movements in painting. The few square feet of it are vibrant with intellect and emotion strong enough to guide the flowing stream of the craft of painting down to our own day. Compare this portrait with that of the artist himself as a young man full of promise, in the National Gallery, and it will be realised that the nation now possesses the life history of one of the most remarkable men of non-classic times displayed before it on two canvases. The nation is indeed rich.



A GEM OF THE IVEAGH BEQUEST OF OLD MASTERS NOW TO BE SEEN AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY: "PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN"—BY REMBRANDT.

This is signed and dated "Rembrandt f. 1642."

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"SUPREME IN ITS POSITION": "PORTRAIT OF THE PAINTER"—BY REMBRANDT.

In the article here given, Mr. Konody writes of this picture: "There is one painting that towers above them all. It is supreme in its position, and is Rembrandt's portrait of himself. . . . Its majesty is inspiring. And the technique of it—simply amazing. . . . The painting of this picture in 1663 changed the whole art of painting from that time on."

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In the Winter "Academy": A Gem of the Iveagh Bequest.

BY COURTESY OF "APOLLO."



INCLUDED IN THE GREATEST ART GIFT TO THE NATION SINCE THE WALLACE BEQUEST:
"THE GUITAR-PLAYER," BY JAN VERMEER OF DELFT (1632-1675).

The late Earl of Iveagh possessed some 300 pictures, forming probably the finest private collection in the world, and of these he bequeathed 63 masterpieces to the nation, together with Ken Wood House, Hampstead, as their permanent home, and an endowment of £50,000 for its upkeep. The Iveagh Bequest is the most magnificent art gift the nation has received since the Wallace Collection. One of the greatest treasures is the above example of that rare master, Jan Vermeer, whose work is now held so precious. It is remarkable in Dutch portraiture for the daintiness and vivacity of the girl; notable also is the style of hair-dressing in ringlets,

unusual in Vermeer's pictures. As noted in our issue of November 26, when we reproduced some of the chief Iveagh pictures, it was arranged (through the good offices of the "Daily Mail") to include all the 63 pictures in the Royal Academy Winter Exhibition, the opening date of which was January 12. The public can thus see the pictures some months before the completion of the necessary alterations to Ken Wood. The Winter Exhibition also contains a memorial display of works by lately deceased Academicians, among them being Ambrose McEvoy, Luke Fildes, Solomon J. Solomon, J. J. Shannon, and Mark Fisher.

From Sea-Level to Nearly 6000 Feet: 900 Miles in Twenty-Eight Hours.

AFTER THE PICTURE BY C. E. TURNER. (COPYRIGHTED.)



A SOUTH AFRICAN TRAIN DE LUXE ON THE CAPE TOWN-JOHANNESBURG LINE: THE "UNION EXPRESS" NORTHWARD BOUND.

The South African Railways, which serve an area five or six times the size of Great Britain, form one of the largest State-owned railway systems in the world; represent a capital investment of one hundred and thirty millions sterling; and, with 13,000 miles of open lines in operation, are one of the chief of the factors which contribute to the remarkable developments proceeding in South Africa. The lines are laid on a standard gauge of 3 ft. 6 in., which is narrow compared with the standards of Great Britain and the Continent; but the South African gauge has been exploited to a very notable degree. It carries some of the heaviest locomotives and rolling stock in the world. Many of the large passenger and goods locomotives, fully loaded with coal and water, weigh as much as 170 tons; while the main line coaches are equal to

British and Continental types in proportions. On this double-page is depicted the "Union Express"—one of the South African trains of nine hundred miles between Cape Town and Johannesburg in twenty-eight hours. The merits of the performance can be appreciated when it is noted that the line rises from sea-level at Cape Town to an altitude of close upon 6000 ft. at Johannesburg, and that the mountain sections traversed contain many sharp curves. The comfort and general standards of railway travel in South Africa have been favourably commented upon by many world-travellers. It may be noted that information concerning railway travel in South Africa can be obtained from the Director of Publicity, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.

